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No. 175.

Vol. IV.

## THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY HAP HAZARD.

I slept and down the slanting way  
Of moonbeams streaming on the floor,  
An angel band in bright array,  
Came tripping in, they bring o'er  
My bed a knell and peace alone.  
As shimmers silver in the light,  
With changeful coruscations bright,  
Her drooping white wings shone.  
With folded hands upon her breast,  
Where sat enthroned Purity,  
And strained eyes while she rest  
Purified spirit's constancy,  
A Guardian Angel hovering low,  
She seemed; and, banishing the gloom,  
A light celestial filled the room  
From her seraphic brow.

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke! Alas! the moonbeams streamed  
Still, through the casement, on the floor;  
A pearl haze of radiance seemed  
To fill the room, where she were  
And one there knelt beside me bed  
Whose tranquil brow and vestments white,  
Bathed in the flood of mellow light,  
A halo round her shone.

But this all untroubled knelt—  
The angel band had sped them hence;  
And though the same calm luster dwelt  
In my neck and in my glance,  
And still remained the saintly grace;  
Yet this the silver wings had lost;  
But (what the other could not boast,)  
She wore my mother's face!

## Dashing Dick:

OR,

## TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "HAWKEYE HARRY,"  
"BOY SPY," "IRONIDES, THE SCOUT," "DRAH-  
ROTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

### THE MYSTERY OF LAKE CASTLE.

In the heart of an extensive forest, and compassed by wooded bluffs and stony cliffs, slumbered the placid waters of Clear Lake. There were beaten paths converging there from different directions through the woods; along which for ages, perhaps, the shaggy bison and stately buck had come to slake their thirst and leave their sweltering forms in the cool, limpid water, without fear of man.

The great prairies were the pasture-fields of these immense herds, over which they roamed undisturbed, while in the forest the stealthy panther and cowardly wolf sought their prey.

But at length the red-man pushed his conquests into the West, and pitched his wigwam upon the margin of the lake and the shores of the rivers; and then he became lord of the land. Here then, in all his characteristic glory, he reigned supreme—hunted the deer in the woods, the bison upon the plain, and took the fish from the waters; and, too, he woed his dusky mate and took her for his slave. He basked his form in the suns of winter, and lolled beneath the forest shades of summer, dreaming of naught else than savage bliss and glory, until they were finally startled from their dreams by a strange noise echoing through the forest.

It was the crack of the white man's rifle.

The foot of the invader was upon their shores.

The pale-face had at last pushed across the Father of Waters, and had come to contend with the red-men, as had their forefathers contended with the Huron, the Mohawk, the Iroquois and the Delaware.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife was now sharpened, and the bows strung anew. The old spirit of savage vengeance, which for a while had been nursed in indolent bliss and repose, was once more aroused, and the spiteful crack of the invader's rifle was answered by the defiant war-whoop of the savage.

And so, a summer sun of the year 18—had just sunk behind the western hills, when two men paused on the eastern shore of Clear Lake and gazed out upon the smooth, pulseless bosom of the little sheet.

Both were white men, and, as their garbs and weapons denoted, both were bordermen. One was an elderly man, the other young. The former was about fifty years of age, but then time had made but little inroad on the strong and healthy physique of this man, whose whole life had been spent upon the border, and had become hardened to its privations and exposures. His features was somewhat angular, as was also his powerful form. His eyes were of a soft brown, his hair and whiskers gray.

This individual was known throughout the section of the West as Trapper Tom. His companion was a man not over five and twenty years of age. In form he was a little above the medium height, with muscular limbs, wide shoulders and swelling chest. His eyes were of a dark-gray color and keen as the hawk's. His head, which showed both intellectuality and force of character, was covered with a growth of raven-black hair that hung far down his back. Within he was a handsome man, whose general expression was that of a brave, yet wild, dashing, reckless spirit.

Both of these men were dressed in buck-skin garments, whose style harmonized with their age and general character. That of Trapper Tom was plain, well made, and well polished with long use; while that of his companion was neat and clean, and ornamented in a manner that lent an additional grace to his dashing spirit and movements.

"Thar, Dick!" said Trapper Tom, as they paused on the edge of the lake, "we're arriv' at Clear Lake, and if you'll just look hereaways, you'll see Lake Castle."

Dashing Dick, as the young borderman was called, looked in the direction indicated and saw a small, conical-shaped stone castle standing out in the center of the little lake.

"Ah, yes," replied the young man, "I see it; and so there is where you, Trapper Tom, live in defiance to Red Falcon and his host?"

"Yes, that's Lake Castle, where I've lived for two years, and the devil got every red-skin that



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venered in gun-shot o' the fortress," replied the old trapper, with a chuckle. "No, sirc, Dick, a red feo has never seed inside o' Lake Castle, comnor a white 'un, either. I'm thunderin' perticular who I take into it."

"You may regret taking me there," replied Dashing Dick with a jocular laugh.

"Nay, nay, Dick," responded the trapper; "I'm too good a judge o' human nature to think you'd ever go back on me. Besides, I've heard too much o' Dashing Dick, not to know he's the true blue and a royal good feller."

"Thanks, Trapper Tom, for the compliment. It was to avail myself of the honor of being a guest of Trapper Tom, at his famous Lake Castle, that brought me all of twenty weary leagues from the southward."

"Then you shan't be disappointed, Dick. Come, and we'll soon be within the walls of the castle."

I will here remark that Trapper Tom and Dashing Dick had met for the first time that day. Each was unknown to the other, save by reputation, but within an hour after they met, they became as familiar as though they had known each other for years. Trapper Tom invited Dick to share his retreat with him that night, and the young hunter accepted. In fact, Dashing Dick had brought about that meeting so as to gain admission to Lake Castle. A mystery connected with the stronghold of this old trapper he had determined to solve if possible.

It required but a few minutes' paddling to reach the trapper's home. The structure was oblong in shape, built entirely of stone, and covering a space perhaps twenty feet long by twelve in width. It had been erected upon a sand island, and so close to the water all around that the waves washed its basement stones. It had been well put together, its construction displaying no little mechanical skill. In front of the door was a stone platform, extending out into the water some ten feet. Tom paddled his canoe alongside of this, and landed thereon. He was immediately followed by Dashing Dick; then, having drawn his canoe from the water upon the platform, the old trapper turned to his cabin door. This, after he had gone through a number of motions, wheezed open on its great hinges and admitted the master and his young guest to the interior.

By this time it was nearly dark, and, as the open door and the single small window in the arched stone roof of the building admitted but little of the remaining light, Tom closed the door and proceeded to strike a fire in a small fire-place in one corner of the castle. There being a supply of fuel on hand, his task was soon accomplished, and, as the flames gathered volume, they shot their ruddy rays into every corner of the apartment.

Dashing Dick saw that the castle consisted but the one room. This was large and commodious, but seemed quite small in proportion to the size of the structure on the outside. The walls were lined with dried peltries, some traps and clothing; while the ceiling was studded with chunks of dried venison suspended to

horizontal poles by strips of fibrous bark. A few cooking utensils, a rude table, two or three stools, and a pallet of furs and blankets, composed the outfit of Lake Castle.

The floor was the dry, white sand of the surface of the island, in which the foot sunk quite an inch.

"Quite a palace, Tom," remarked Dashing Dick, when he had obtained a view of his surroundings; "it would take a cannon to batter down these walls."

"On't is here, you're safe," replied the old trapper, "ther most danger lies in gittin' away. But I allers manage that to a demurrance; and as to the reds kaptein' the place, why I have licked Red Falcon and twenty o' his warriors in one night."

"I've heard of your valorous fighting, Tom," responded Dick, searching the trapper's face closely. "The Indians think the Castle is haunted, while I've heard more than one hunter of the lower lakes say that they were satisfied that Lake Castle contained more than one inmate."

"Ther nation!" exclaimed Trapper Tom, with a slight start. "Who said so?—what do you think about it?"

"I think it all a mistake, for I sure I see no one about, nor any place where any one could be concealed. But I must say here is a track in your sand floor that was never made by your foot. It's too small—more like a woman's footprint."

Tom started again, this time more violently, and, advancing, he bent over the track and examined it closely.

"That must be my own track," he said; "you see, ther sand has worked in 'round the edges and filled it partly up. But I must keep a close look-out, for the red-skins are no doubt taxin' their brains for some way to git into the Castle. That track, tho', is mine; I'm sure o' it."

"It may be possible," replied Dick, "but I'll swear it looks like a woman's footprint."

"A woman's? Ho! ho! ho! A woman in ole Tom Strothers' Castle? Why, Dick, the jeez's ridiculous!" and the old trapper went off into another roar of laughter.

The subject was here permitted to drop, and Tom set about preparing something to eat. This was soon accomplished; then Dick was invited to partake, and, accepting the hospitality of his host, the young hunter was soon discussing topics of various natures over the supper with Tom.

"And the Indians," remarked Dick, when the conversation touched upon this subject; "you think, do you, Tom, intend to make a clean sweep of all the settlers?"

"I believe it's in the heart of that infurnal Red Falcon to kill every settler in the Territory o' Iowa. He's the bloodiest-hearted devil that ever roamed unscalded, Dick. His name will cause the hair to raise on a white settler's head if spoken in the dark. But, I've got my eyes open for Red Falcon, and he's a dead chief if he ever gets within range o' my rifle."

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"Oh, ye needn't take on, Dick," added the trapper; "I've heard bout ye bein' up to Prairie View, makin' love to Miss Pauline Winslow; and I've heard you war goin' to marry her."

"Some of those reports," returned Dashing Dick, "may be true, but some I'm afraid never will be true, Tom."

"Why so, Dick, why so?"

"I have two rivals, you know."

"Tut tut!" replied Tom; "it's natural for everybody to fall in love with that gal, I swear, she's the poorest and sassiest little angel I ever seed. I don't think she cares a straw fur Captain Charley Temple."

"Nor I, either, Tom; but, then, there is her dashing young cousin, Harry Herbert, whom I think she favors most of all."

"Wal, I don't think she'll marry anybody soon, for, since that infurnal raver of Satan, Red Falcon, killed her friends, she seems terribly grieved, and shuts herself up in her room for two days at a time, and I'll refuse to see her best friend, poor girl."

Dashing Dick made no reply, and their repast was concluded in silence.

Then Trapper Tom arose, and opening the Castle door, gazed out upon the lake. All was silent, and the tranquil waters of the lake were unrruffled and motionless. Night had long since set in, but the moon was up, its light flooding the lake and Castle with a dim, melodic radiance.

Closing the door and barring it, Trapper Tom and his young guest seated themselves and engaged in conversation. This was kept up until late hour, but at length both grew drowsy.

Then Tom assigned a pallet of furs, spread upon the sandy floor against the door, to his guest, while the old trapper threw himself on the couch on the opposite side of the room.

Dashing Dick had no sooner laid down than strange thoughts began to revolve in his mind. They were all connected with Trapper Tom and his Castle. One was the track he had seen in the sand, another the evasive language of the old trapper. The first led him to believe that Tom did not occupy the Castle alone, and the other had much to do in confirming this belief. But then there was one thing certain.

If Trapper Tom had a companion, he or she—whatever it was—was not about, for the interior of the Castle was confined to the one room, and there was no place for one to be concealed without, for the building covered the whole island to the water's brink. Moreover, there was but one opening to the retreat, and no person could have been within it when they landed on the platform.

But Dick was satisfied that Trapper Tom had a companion, and with this firmly settled

in his mind, he finally sunk into a sound slumber. His respirations were long and regular, and he might have slept soundly until day-break, had not a small coal of fire snapped out and fallen upon his cheek. The sharp, stinging pain awoke him, and starting up into a sitting posture, he gazed around him in bewilderment. But he soon recalled his situation and discovered the cause of his disturbance. But Trapper Tom was gone!

He would have thought little of this, but, as he was lying against the door, which opened inward, it seemed a little singular that the old trapper could get out without disturbing him. For, as before stated, there were no openings in the Castle save the one door and the small holes in the arched roof. But might there not be some secret opening? He glanced at the walls around him, but they were all of solid masonry.

A train of thoughts now began to chase each other rapidly through the young hunter's mind, and while he was occupied with these, his keen ear suddenly caught the sound of suppressed voices. This aroused his curiosity to the highest pitch, and bending his head, he listened intently to catch the words of those, whoever they were, that were engaged in conversation. He could hear the voices, low and suppressed. One appeared to be a man's voice, the other a woman's, but he could distinguish the words of neither. In fact, the sound was so faint that he could not locate the point from whence it came, for the variations of the two voices made it, or seemed to make it, come from different points outside of the Castle.

Turning, the young trapper applied his eye to a small crack in the door in hopes of gaining some clue as to who the colloquists were; but he saw no one. He applied his ear to the crack and listened. The voices had become hushed, but something like the dip of a paddle came to his ears. But this, too, soon died away, and then Dick turned his back upon the door again.

A cry arose to his lips as he did so, but it was promptly suppressed. On his couch, on the opposite side of the Castle, he saw Trapper Tom lying wrapt in apparent slumber!

The young hunter bit his lip till the blood almost came to assure himself that he was not dreaming, for this sudden and silent transition of the old trapper's form into the Castle seemed more like a dream than reality. He was completely dumbfounded, and threw himself upon his couch without making the slightest noise, or uttering a word. But he had become firmly convinced that Trapper Tom and Lake Castle were involved in some strange mystery.

## CHAPTER II.

### A STRANGE CONFLICT.

DASHING DICK again fell asleep, pondering over the mysteries connected with Lake Castle and its master. His heavy respirations told that he slept soundly.

No sooner had he fallen asleep than Trapper Tom began to move restlessly on his couch. At length he opened his eyes, raised up on his elbow, and gazed around.

The fire had burned low, and only a sickly twilight pervaded the room. So the old trapper arose to his feet and threw a few dry sticks of wood on the red coals.

A bright glow soon lit up the apartment, then the trapper turned and stole softly to the side of the sleeping hunter. Bending over him, he gazed down into the handsome face, expressionless in slumber.

"Can it be," the old trapper mused—"can it be possible this youth is that person whose name is upon every lip? Is it possible that that man is a guest of Trapper Tom? I swar it don't seem possible, but I reckon time'll tell."

The trapper turned and stole back to the fire. Then a strange sound broke upon his ears. He started up—grasped his trusty rifle, and examined its priming with a keen and experienced eye.

"Ho, Dick, my boy!" he then shouted in stentorian tones.

The young hunter instantly started from his slumber.

"What—what is up, Tom?"

The heathens—the minions of Red Falcon are coming to try the Castle again."

"Jerusalem! then we're to have a fight, eh?" and Dick arose, arranged his clothes and took down his rifle.

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"I don't know, Dick," replied Tom, a puzzled expression passing over his bronzed, bearded face, and a strange light burning in his eyes.

They bent their heads and listened. They could hear sounds that were evidence of a terrible conflict going on without on the platform. They could hear the cracks of pistols, dull, crunching blows, shrieks and groans of agony, the dull thud of heavy bodies falling upon the platform, or being hurled with fearful violence against the Castle walls, and now and then a thunderous splash in the water.

"It's some trick to get us out," said Trapper Tom, who had taken advantage of this diversion to bolt the door.

"No, Tom; I verily believe friends have come to our assistance, and are engaged with the Indians."

Trapper Tom made no reply, but opened the wicket and gazed out upon the combatants. He saw them engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, surging to and fro so rapidly that the eye could not follow their movements. Some were up and some were down, and now and then a pair, locked in each other's deadly embrace, would go spinning across the platform to the water, where the struggle was continued to the death.

"What is the trouble, Tom?" asked Dick with dire impatience.

"Look for yourself, Dick; I can't distinguish one body from the other, they're mixed up so," replied the old trapper, withdrawing from the wicket.

Dick glanced out through the aperture, but he was a moment too late. A great cloud trailed its tattered shreds across the moon's disk, wrapping all in darkness without. The young hunter, however, could see the dark forms surging to and fro on the platform, but he could not discriminate between them. He could not tell whether those that had attacked the savages were white men, or the worse foes of the Sioux, the Arapahoes. But, whichever it might be, they were pressing the savages hard. The conflict was a fierce and desperate one, and by this time had been transferred to the lake around the base of the platform, where flying arms and feet, and whirling and falling bodies beat and churned the water to a foam.

"By Heaven, Trapper Tom!" said Dashing Dick, excitedly, "I believe it is friends—white friends, too, that have come to our assistance. If so, we are not doing our duty remaining shut up in here."

"True, Dick," replied Tom; "but I war afraid at first it war all a sham to draw us out. We can go out yet, and lend a helpin' hand."

"Then unbarr the door—quick. I'm afraid we're already too late. The noise has subsided as if by magic. The conflict must be at an end."

The door was unfastened and the two rushed out onto the platform. True enough, they found the conflict had ended, but not a living warrior was to be seen. But there was fearful evidence of the struggle all around them. The platform was slippery with human gore, and the wall of the Castle was bespattered with dark clots of the life-liquid. Three motionless forms lay upon the landing, and a fourth one was hanging over the edge, the blood dropping from a fearful gash in the head into the lake.

Dashing Dick advanced and examined these forms. All were Sioux warriors of Red Falcon's band. They were scalps and presented a shocking spectacle with their grim faces wearing the last agonies of death, upturned in the glistening moonlight. The long bateau in which the savages had reached the castle still lay alongside the platform.

With a keen eye the young hunter swept the surrounding waters, but not a living object could be seen upon the glassy surface.

Who were the victorious assailants, and where had they vanished so quickly and silently? Were they the avenging spirits that Indian tradition had saught the waters of Clear Lake, and guarded the Castle of their arch companion, Trapper Tom?

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"I can't tell where the victorious assailants are, Trapper Tom?" asked Dick, fixing his eyes upon the old trapper.

"Me tell? Why should I tell more about it than you, Dick? I'll admit it's curious they didn't make themselves known after doin' us such a good turn. But I'll tell you my opinon. I think it war a party o' Arapahoes come here for the same purpose the Sioux did—to kapter Lake Castle. But findin' the Sioux here, they got to fightin' each other, for you know the two tribes are at the outs."

"The story seems plausible enough," thought Dashing Dick, "but in connection with what I have seen to-night, I believe Trapper Tom knows more about this affair than he is willing to admit. I am inclined to think it is one of the mysteries of Lake Castle, and—"

Here his train of reflections was interrupted by an exclamation from the lips of old Tom, who pointed away toward the eastern shore of the lake where he had discovered a canoe, with a number of occupants standing well in under the shadows.

"That tells the story," he said; "it's been a pack o' Arapahoes that attacked the Sioux."

"But how could they escape so soon after the conflict ended without our seeing them?"

"Don't you know the ways of the red-skins are inscrutable, lad? When you've spent as many years among the varlets as I have, then you'll learn that thar's nothing impossible for a red-skin to do but to git inside o' Trapper Tom's Castle," and the old trapper laughed heartily at his own conceit.

The subject was here permitted to rest, and Trapper Tom proceeded to remove the lifeless bodies from the platform and wash off the blood. By the time this was accomplished the moon had gone down, and the darkness which precedes dawn fell over the lake.

"Now it is our time to go ashore, Dick," said the old trapper, "lurkin' Ingins won't see us land, and so they won't know but what we're in the Castle still. That's the how I work em'."

"Well, I want to visit Prairie View to-day, and if there's danger in venturing ashore in the daytime, let us be off at once."

"That's it," replied Tom, and he proceeded to make ready for departure.

All was made ready, and having securely locked the Castle door, Tom launched his canoe and the two took their departure. The eastern shore was reached and a landing effected in safety.

The canoe being concealed, the two proceeded a short ways back into the woods, when Dick said:

"I suppose I will have to leave you, now, friend Tom."

"I reckon so, if you're goin' down to the settlement. I can't go down thar to-day. I've got to look out for Red Falcon's scalp. But, should you ever drift up into these diggin's again, remember the latch-string of Lake Castle is allers out for friends o' old Tom Strothers."

"I'll not forget you, nor Lake Castle, old

friend; so good-morning to you," replied Dick, and thus the two parted—Dick going south and Trapper Tom east.

Dashing Dick's mind, as soon as he was alone, reverted to the mysteries of Lake Castle. He could not convince himself but that Trapper Tom had withheld some secrets from him, the main one of which was, of there being other occupants at the Castle besides the trapper. If so, why did he wish to keep the matter such a secret? Was he, under the guise of a hunter, harboring a band of outlaws or counterfeiters?

Myrtle had heard all!

As he studied the matter over he came to a halt, turned about and retraced his foot-steps back to the lake. He had determined to make some further investigations from the shore as soon as daylight came. If there were other occupants than Trapper Tom about the castle, he would be likely to gain some evidence of the fact.

Cautiously he began scouting around the lake, and in the course of an hour he returned to the point from whence he had started. It was now daylight, and the sun had just come up.

The young hunter glanced across the lake toward the Castle. To his surprise he saw a thin column of white smoke rising from its chimney-top. However, there was nothing more suspicious about this, for Tom had thrown a stick of wood on the fire before leaving, and it might be from this that the smoke was still rising. However, he kept his eye upon the Castle and the surrounding waters, and evinced no little curiosity when he suddenly discovered a canoe filled with Sioux warriors, move out from the shadows of the west shore and head directly toward the old trapper's retreat.

"Ah! that will tell the matter," mused the young hunter, for he knew at a glance that the savages had become apprised, by some means or other, of the absence of its inmates and intended to capture it.

With an anxious, throbbing heart he watched the long craft creeping across the waters toward the structure. He was not so far away but that he could see the warriors were all powerful fellows and well armed, and painted and plumed for the war-path.

Slowly the craft creeps on. It is now within fifty paces of the Castle. Dashing Dick fixed his eyes upon the structure. He starts. He sees a number of little jets of white smoke puff out from the walls of the building. He hears the report of several rifles blended in one sullen roar come over the water. He hears a savage death-wail follow it. He sees a savage leap onboard into the lake from the advancing canoe, his arms beating the waves in the convulsions of death. Then he sees the craft turn about and make a hasty retreat shoreward, minus three of its occupants.

Dashing Dick started up. Something like a cloud of disappointment darkened his brow. Then turning, he moved briskly away toward Prairie View, musing:

"By Heavens, there are other occupants at Lake Castle! But they are not human; they must be invisible spirits—avenging angels. Yes by Jupiter, Lake Castle is haunted!"

(To be continued.)

## Stealing a Heart: or, THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

### A TALE OF THE TIDES OF LOVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CREST," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### THE DEATH-STROKE.

MADAME ST. SYLVIN continued in that low, guarded tone to which her voice had sunk:

"I say my son dragged his wife down-stairs by the wrist. The rage of his jealousy knew no bounds, and even if she had asked for an explanation of his sudden, fierce and significant action, she would not have got it. He passed from the house, out into the storm of the night and paused at the foot of the porch steps. I followed, unseen. The light streamed through the door from the hall, down to her face. I can never forget how wild and terrified she looked; and I heard her cry: 'Edgar—Edgar! You, what has happened? What are you doing?' And his voice rose above the howl of the tempest, as he answered: 'You have disgraced me! Twice I have witnessed your meeting with your old lover; and you are no longer fit to live in your basements! Go—go, before I kill you! Of course Lozone knew she was innocent of any crime against her husband, and she begged, implored him to listen to her. Two to one!'

"But he was maddened, I tell you—crazed! He would not hear her. At that moment my conscience smote me. I was on the point of hastening out, to stop the terrible scene. But—too late! While she was on her knees, clinging to him, beseeching him to listen just for one moment, he cast her from him, with a curse, and strode into the house. Lozone fell backward with a shriek that chilled the blood in my veins, and lay, like a lifeless thing on the wet sod. I hid behind the parlor door, and my son returned to his room, without discovering me. Yes—yes—it was my doing; but Edgar knows how I have repented!" and the old lady paused.

"He was conveyed to her room. The nearest physician lived some miles distant. But there were young, athletic slaves who adored madame—who was a kind mistress—and one of these started on a swift run for the doctor's house.

It was after dark when the medical worthy arrived—coming in his little, spider-like gig, with a foaming, sweaty horse.

In her spacious bedroom lay Madame St. Sylvie. The apartment was lighted dimly, and Nannie—the ever-faithful slave—moved about the couch with muffled footsteps, adjusting the covers, and easing the aged form as much as possible.

Madame was very still; but her eyes were opened wide, and followed the actions of the slave girl intently.

William Manning and Coral stood at the bedside, waiting to hear what was to come.

The doctor shook his head when he had examined his patient.

"He advanced age," he said, stroking his chin in a dubious style. "Some very heavy excitement. Completely shattered—terribly unstrung. If she has another, she can't recover."

"Doctor." It was the first word madame had spoken since they revived her—and there was no voice, only a whisper, so faint that they had to lean to catch the utterance.

"My dear madam, I am very sorry."

"Doctor, tell me: will I die?"

"Ahem!" The good gentleman hesitated.

"Just what I say. I know that this scoundrel, with whom I am about to exchange shots, tripped against me on purpose this afternoon. I know that he is at Myrtleworth attempting to usurp my claim to the St. Sylvie heritage. It may be that the whole thing is a plot between you to get rid of me through some foul play. But I warn you, I am no bad marksman with the pistol, and at the first sign of treachery, I shall certainly shoot one of you!"

Perhaps Yost's face paled a little at this, but his voice was firm.

"To work," he said. "I am here to fight—not to talk. If you have no 'second,' that's your own look-out."

"Will Manning has got a second!" broke in croaking voice at the speaker's elbow.

And Gowan could scarce suppress an oath of rage, as he distinguished the figure of Bea Foars in the half-darkness.

"You talk strangely, grandma."

"Promise me you will never do her wrong," persisted her grandmother, while the wide, staring eyes glanced fearfully up.

"For a second, the young beauty returned that steadfast gaze; then she bent her head, and whispered rapidly, almost hissing:

"I wish Myrtle no harm. But I love Richard Wayn with a wild, determined fervor. I shall marry him, if I can possibly win him from her. In this alone I am her enemy!"

An indefinable expression came into the thin, pallid features. Madame seemed to be struggling to say more, yet could not; a dangerous excitement was perceptible in the weak frame of the dying woman.

"And is there not even a witness left?" he asked.

"All dead—all dead. The certificate and record were destroyed, as I told you, by the negro that I hired. He was my slave; I granted him his freedom for the part he played. All those who were present at the wedding—which was very quiet—have died off. My grandchild is to be pitiful—I deserve her curses!"

"Poor girl!" uttered the young man, lowly, thinking of Myrtle.

"O-h, God!" murmured a tremulous voice, in the hallway, and a staggering, fainting form reeled away from the door.

Myrtle had heard all!

Madame had scarce concluded, when something whizzed in through the window, and rolled upon the carpet at her feet.

"Ha! what's that?" she exclaimed, with a start.

It was a stone. Round the stone was tightly wrapped a piece of paper.

Manning picked it up, and handed it to her. He had seen Bea Foars cast it in, and he knew something was intended by it.

"There's writing on it," as she slowly unrolled it. "Who threw it?—did you see?"

He did not answer.

For one moment Madame St. Sylvie gazed, with widened eyes, on the words that the paper contained; then she made a movement as if—feebly as she was—she would spring from her chair. But she sank back again.

"What does the paper say, Mrs. St. Sylvie? You are agitated."

She made no reply, but rung her bell-call furiously.

"Nannie! Nannie!" she cried, excitedly, when the girl came hurrying in, "run out and around the house—quick! You'll find a strange woman somewhere there. Bring her to me. Tell her I must see her. Hurry!"

Nannie hastened to do the bidding of her mistress; and madame, trembling and flushed, turned to the young man.

"Read that!" bursting into a coughing fit, that checked her further utterance.

He took the slip, and perused the following:

"Madame St. Sylvie is wrong. Both the record and the marriage certificate are in existence, to prove that Lozone was the lawful wife of Edgar St. Sylvie. So, too, is the second child of Lozone alive, and his name is Mark St. Sylvie. So, too, is the will that was signed by Edgar, your son, on his death-bed, which bequeaths all to his son, Mark, the second child of his second wife. This will bears the genuine signature of Edgar, and was duly witnessed by the one who stole it from the death chamber. Sibyl Down is loitering near Myrtleworth. She threw that stone—I know it was she! You said you knew where to find her? You must bring her to me without delay. I can't believe that the negro failed to destroy the documents! But, if it be true—then Myrtle, my pet, is free enough to marry Richard Wayn, for her name will be pure as gold!"

Madame was first to break the silence.

"Do you see? Do you see? Can it be possible?—when the negro swore to me that he had destroyed the certificate and the record! Then Sibyl Down is loitering near Myrtleworth. She threw that stone—I know it was she! You said you knew where to find her? You must bring her to me without delay. I can't believe that the negro failed to destroy the documents! But, if it be true—then Myrtle, my pet, is free enough to marry Richard Wayn, for her name will be pure as gold!"

Madame St. Sylvie was dead—had suffocated with another fearful hemorrhage, just as the large antique clock in the hall struck the hour of eight.

The fussy little doctor was in the gloomy chamber, with Nannie, and another of the indoor slaves, who had been called in to assist in the last moments of her loved mistress.

The sheet was drawn high over the face of the corpse, to hide the features that were distorted by mental and bodily suffering in the crisis of the death-agony.

We can not portray what might have been the state of madame's mind when her life went out—disturbed, anxious, excited as she was concerning Myrtle; this, too, within so short a time after having recalled to her inward self, by her recital to William Manning, her guilt of past years. After reading the mysterious note thrown into the parlor by Bea Foars, she was seized with a hope that its contents might be truthful. If so, then her conjecture to the match between Myrtle and Richard Wayn was removed. But the words uttered by Cora, besides proving the suspicions she had expressed to Myrtle, a few days previous, pierced her heart with a redoubled fear for the future of her youngest grandchild.

If the agonized girl had only waited a moment longer at the door!

"Sibyl Down shall

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gazing on the wood coals. "I would not, for

the world, that he'd 'a' stained his hands with

the life of Jasper Gowen. He can not come

back to Mytheworth now. Henry Yost dis-

patched a messenger to the 'Lion' within the

hour; an' before this, they're after the boy—for

murder."

Hendrick moved uneasily.

"William Manning was thought a great deal

of," he said.

"True—true; but the best man will have his

enemies. An' now, when they think him

guilty of murder, they won't stop to look at his

record 'mong them. The killing of a man is a

dangerous thing."

"Yes," abstractedly.

"He did it to save his own life, I can swear.

But who knows?—they may hang him the minute they find him."

"Let us quit talking on the subject," interruped Weston, shifting his position. "I am sorry enough on his account."

Just then came the voice of Max from the bed.

"Don't go, Sweet Bird," murmured the youth, whose mind was wandering. "Stay and help Max drive off the shadows. See—the man with the scar is hid in the tree. He's got a gun—ah! Max knows. Do you see him?—he's frowning like the dark clouds that carry the lightning over the earth. Somebody is to die when the gun speaks. Stay, Sweet Bird, and weep for the dead, while Max fights the laughing owl."

"What's that the boy says?" exclaimed Bee,

lowly, as she arose and drew near to the couch.

"Water!" gasped the feverish lips. "There's

hot fire in my throat; and—hark! I hear a

crow: it says 'I shall die. No—no! I don't

want to die! What will I do? Drive them away—ugly faces! I choke! Water—water! I'

He tossed about in a delirium of thirst, and

tore at the bosom of the ragged shirt.

Bee turned to bring a cup of water from the

pail.

But she paused.

In pulling open his shirt front, Max revealed the miniature which we have seen him steal from the old trunk on a former occasion.

"Ha!" whispered the gag, "how came he by that? He must have seen me place it in the trunk some time!"

"Water! Water!" broke forth the choking voice.

Slim applied the cool liquid to his lips, and

then he sank backward on the pillow, peacefully.

"What is that?—where did he get it?" inquired Hendrick, pointing to the medallion.

"A picture," she answered.

"Of what?—whom?"

Bee did not speak for several seconds. Then she said, slowly, going back to her seat at the

hearth:

"It's the picture of his mother."

"His mother?"

"Yes, I was keeping it for him."

"All then you know who were the boy's

parents?"

"Yes," with a momentary glance at him—a

glance that was full of strangeness.

"Tell me who they were?"

"I will not. But, mayhap the day will come,

Hendrick Weston, when this boy will not be

the crazy thing he is now. And Bee. Foar knows—ha-ha! a secret that's worth a great deal to him. Hark!"

She raised one hand and listened.

Muttering voices were heard outside, and the

tramp of feet came to their ears.

"Do you hear that?"—in an anxious tone;

"They're after Will Manning. They're scour-

ing the woods. God grant that they'll not find

him!"

"I'll join them. If they do catch him, and

should undertake to punish him on the spot, I

may save him till you can swear to the facts in

the case."

"Go, then. And be quick!"

Hendrick left the cabin.

Three men were passing; and the surmise

was correct; they were hunting for the one

upon whom fate had woven a network of

danger. Twenty-four hours before, men had

been proud to call William Manning their

friend—now, branded with the charge of mur-

der, he was an object of enmity and pursuit.

Weston had scarce departed when Bee, utter-

ed a low cry.

Max had arisen to a sitting posture on the

bed, and was regarding her bewilderedly. But

it was not merely this which called forth her

quick-breathed exclamation.

The eyes that looked at her, no longer stared vacantly—their glances were intelligent and full of inquiry, and his face wore an expression which Bee had never before seen there.

"Who am I?" asked the boy, in a calm,

strange voice.

She sprung from her seat, and took one step toward him—then paused, gaping in astonish-

ment.

Max was no longer mad!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.)

## The Mad Detective:

on,

THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "WOLF DEMON,"

"OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPAA," "ACE OF

"SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES

OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN PURSUIT.

WITH the fires of rage swelling in every vein, the Virginian followed upon the track of the man who had emerged so cautiously from the Van Tromp mansion, and who was now proceeding down the avenue, totally unconscious that danger was near.

The fingers of the colonel gripped the handle of the bowie knife, concealed within his vest, with a grasp of steel.

Steadily, step by step, he gained upon the man walking so carelessly onward. The impulse in his heart was to come close to the stranger, and then, with a sudden bound, and a slash of the "bowie," to forever end the deadly fiend.

The breath came fast and hard between the colonel's firm-set teeth. His heart beat so loud that he feared the sound would come to the ears of his destined prey, and thus warn him of the peril which menaced his life.

But then even as the colonel's hand, withdrawn from the concealment of his clothing, flashed the bright blade of the knife in the air, and the dim rays of light which struggled through the murky atmosphere glittered on the surface of the shining steel, there came to his mind the thought of a hand-to-hand conflict under the cover of the night some years before. He remembered how, steel in hand and murder in his heart, he had leaped upon his foe, but the strong right hand of the assailed man had dashed aside the thrust of the knife aimed to take his life, and then had come the grapple, where-in two strong men contended, muscle 'gainst muscle, for the mastery. He remembered how, by a sudden twist and a dexterous touch of the foot, he had been swung from his firm foothold and hurled prostrate on the pavement, and then

entered his own breast. The thought, too,

came to him that it would be almost impossible to get within striking distance of the man, whose death he sought, without alarming him.

"Now, John Blaine, the devil deserts you, and I'll have the handcuffs on your wrists before you are three hours older!" the colonel exclaimed, fiercely, as he returned to the pier.

"I know 'em both, Cap."

"Now be off with you, fast as you can run, and the colonel gave the note into the boy's hand, and the youngster started up Catherine street at full speed.

"Now, John Blaine, the devil deserts you, and I'll have the handcuffs on your wrists before you are three hours older!" the colonel exclaimed, fiercely, as he returned to the pier.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN BLAINE'S TERROR.

AND while the detectives were searching high and low for the escaped convict, John Blaine, scouring through the thieves' dens, in "Bloody Sixth," the whisky shops of Mackerville, and the haunts of crime "along shore," keeping diligent watch at the ferries and the railroad stations, that sagacious gentleman had remained quietly concealed in the Madison Avenue House.

As he had justly observed, who would think of looking for a State-prison bird in a "brownstone" cage? That was a point beyond the skill of the cutest detective in the force. Crime consorts with poverty and rags, not with wealth and costly garments.

Adjoining Ernestine's chamber was a little half bedroom. In years gone by it had been the girls' play-room, and now had been transformed into a sort of wardrobe, or receptacle for trunks and other articles belonging to Ernestine not in constant use. As it had been commonly kept locked, the hunted felon decided at once that it was the most suitable room in the house for him to take refuge in. And then, too, as a door communicated with the chamber of the girl, she could easily furnish him with food without exciting any suspicion.

And so John Blaine took possession of the little room, and the girl locked him in safely. It was an easy matter to supply him with food, for the felon was a light, delicate eater, and the girl simply gave orders to serve her breakfast in her own room, and also had a lunch provided at night.

One of the first articles that Blaine had asked the girl to procure for him was a small hand mirror, and day by day the escaped convict anxiously consulted it, and, as he did so, cursed niggard nature that she had not gifted him with a heavy beard, that growing, would have served for a disguise.

At the end of a week a scanty mustache ornamented his upper lip and that was all. He cursed right roundly when he saw that he might wait a month or more before his chin would be at all altered by the hairy disguise. And then John Blaine made up his mind to wait no longer. He chafed at the confinement, for he was still a prisoner, although guarded by no jailer but his own sweet will. He resolved upon a plan of escape. Making out a list, he instructed the girl to procure for him certain articles, and also told her how much money he should require, and she, willing slave, procured the articles he wished and the money that he had called for.

Then, planning out his method of escaping the keen search which he felt sure was still kept up for John Blaine, he put on his disguise and watched his opportunity to steal out of the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates.

In the afternoon he had taken occasion to bid Ernestine good-by, and tell her that he should probably attempt to escape from the city that night.

And the girl, seated in the parlor, listening to Blackie's earnest conversation, seemingly with ears for the words of the man she loved alone, heard the jar of the door, cautiously, as the fugitive had closed it behind him, and she guessed quickly who it was that had stolen from the house, like a thief in the night, with noiseless footfall. Then in the heart of the girl swelled an earnest prayer that she might never look upon the handsome face of John Blaine again.

And Blaine himself, disguised in the light wig and dressed in a handsome business suit, covered by a dark overcoat, walked carelessly down the street with as little fear as though a heavy reward had not been set upon him, and the keenest detectives in all great New York were not searching night and day, eager to place the iron manacles upon his wrists and send him back again to the convict's cell within Sing Sing's gloomy walls.

Confident in his disguise, the escaped felon would not have hesitated to have walked boldly by the whole force of the Central Office, but Blaine had the bump of caution well developed, and was not disposed to run needless risk, so he shaped his course to avoid the more crowded thoroughfares, where he might be apt to run across a detective officer.

And safe at last in his stateroom on board the steamer "Bridgeport," Blaine sat down on the edge of the birth and meditated.

"So far, so good," he muttered, in a tone of satisfaction, as he gleefully rubbed his palms together; "here I am on board the steamer, and not a single bloodhound in all New York the wiser. Coming down as I did at a time when the streets were full of people, the chance of escaping detection was ten times as good as if I had waited until later and the streets were less crowded. The first and most difficult move of all has succeeded, so let me think over the rest of the game. First, the necessity: to leave the country; then the problem: how to do so without detection. The officers naturally would watch the principal avenues of egress from the city. Two ways of escape: the first, to fly to the Far West and bury oneself amid the canyons of the Rocky Mountains; or find concealment on the prairies of Texas; the second, to take steamer for a foreign country, which plan I have adopted. The detectives will watch the foreign steamers and the railway depots, but the steamer "Bridgeport," bound for the city of Bridgeport, they will not watch, for what felon with a price set upon him would be so foolish as to think of fleeing to that quiet little city; but there I shall take a train on the Houstonian Railway, which will take me to Pittsfield, and there I take a train on the Boston and Albany, which carries me to Worcester, then I change again and go from Worcester to Lowell, and then to Lawrence, thus getting on the direct road to Portland, Maine, without passing through Boston, where the police doubtless have been warned to keep a good lookout for a certain John Blaine. Then from Portland I go straight to Halifax, and there take steamer for England," and then the felon chuckled merrily to himself. "I think I have planned it well," he continued; "I avoid Boston and the direct express routes between New York and that city, and so lessen the chance of meeting any New York detective who might penetrate my disguise. In two or three years at most I can come back. In that time the chance is good that a pardon can be procured for me, or, even if that fails, time in flight brings forgetfulness, and long before I wish to return, John Blaine, the escaped convict, and his crime alike may be forgotten. It was very unlucky that I did not kill the fellow outright," Blaine murmured, thoughtfully. "It seems to me that the worse the crime the better the chance to escape punishment nowadays."

"Well, here's fifty cents in advance, and I'll give you the other fifty when you come back."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the youth, clutching the stamp.

"P'raps you won't be here?" the boy said, suspiciously.

"Come here, boy; I want you."

The youngster stopped whistling and approached, evidently astonished at the summons.

"Do you want a job?"

"You bet!" replied the youth, tersely.

"Do you know where the police headquarters are, in Mulberry street?"

The boy looked at the colonel suspiciously for a moment before he answered the question. He and his tribe looked upon the police as natural enemies.

"Maybe I do," he replied, slowly, plainly inspired by a feeling of distrust.

"I want you to carry this note to Captain Kelso, at the police station in Mulberry street, as fast as you can go, and when you come back,"

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98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## Our Arm-Chair.

**Beadle's Dime Books.**—We give place to the following unsolicited expression of opinion not because the BEADLE DIME NOVELS need any defense, but to show what are the views of intelligent and observant persons regarding the little books which have had, and are yet having, an immense circulation. The verdict of this wide-spread popularity ought to be conclusive evidence of intrinsic merit; but, since there are people who will not see good in any thing that is popular and cheap, we commend to their consideration this candid confession of one who made their mistake in misjudging what she had not examined. Taken in connection with the article quoted last week, from Rowell's *Newspaper Reporter*, it indirectly administers a caustic rebuke to those censors who are censors because of their ignorance of the true nature of the BEADLE DIME PUBLICATIONS:

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS.

"I must acknowledge I have always held a prejudice against Dime Novels.

"I do not believe I could honestly tell how I came by it—for I must honestly confess that, until a few days ago, I never had read a page in one of them.

"But I have glanced at the little salmon covers with a sort of contempt, if not of horror, imagining them to be the hidden depositories of all sorts of harmful and pernicious spirits, better out of, than in, anybody's library or anybody's hands, written by literary adventurers who could not find a market for their wares anywhere else.

"In a letter to their publishers, some time since, I believe I expressed some such opinion as this, and especially denominated them as 'sensational, blood-and-destruction' trash."

"Forthwith came a graceful and ready reply, in the shape of a little package of Dime Novels. And, as if to condemn me out of the mouths of my own sex, were they ladies' works, and bore such honored names as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. M. V. Victor, Mrs. M. J. Porter, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Oakes Smith and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

"Well, I read them, and I hereby and herewith tender to the publishers and to the authors and authoresses of all the good Dime Novels ever written, my apology for being so conceited as to imagine myself wise enough to condemn that which I knew nothing at all about—doing just what a great many others do.

"And I am quite willing to speak a word here, to counteract the effects of prejudice, and invite others who think as I thought, to investigate for themselves. I wouldn't advise any one to read nothing else—that would be going to the other extreme. One could not live altogether on a diet of strawberries and cream, but it doesn't follow that a dish may not be very acceptable, once in a while.

"And, in my opinion, the occasional reading, in the hours of recreation, of one of Beadle's Dime Novels, will harm no one, who has a mind at all, or has come to years of discretion. Young people who wish, in a lively way, to blend information and enjoyment, will find them a complete history and geography of the early times of our own country, and the struggles with the Indians; and old people, who remember these days for themselves, will find quite a feast of retrospection in these books—the romance of American annals.

"And their cheapness places them within reach of everybody and anybody. They cost so little, and afford so much pleasure, it is no wonder that they are so widely circulated. The young people who wish, in a lively way, to blend information and enjoyment, will find them a complete history and geography of the early times of our own country, and the struggles with the Indians; and old people, who remember these days for themselves, will find quite a feast of retrospection in these books—the romance of American annals.

MATTHEW DYER BRITTS."

**Paradise Regained.**—That this continent is far older than it seems we have daily evidence from the discoveries of Professors Marsh, Agassiz and their co-laborers; but, willing as we have been to accept their conclusions of man's existence in Miocene era, co-eval with the Megatherium and Plesiosaurus, we had no idea that evidence would be forthcoming of the actual location of Paradise within the confines of New York State. Such evidence has, however, been offered, and the chosen spot is Cooperstown.

In a late address, upon a gala occasion on Otsego Lake, Mr. Elihu Phinney made the astounding declaration that "Two-Mile Point" was the scene of Adam's Rise and Fall, and gave, with much minuteness of detail, the proofs of the existence there of the Garden, the Tree, the Apple, the Serpent, and the Original Sin, and added as a "clincher," the following additional testimony:

"The two Indian skeletons lately exhumed on the grounds of my friend, Mr. Clark, turn out, on close scientific examination, to be no Indians at all, but, beyond all peradventure, the mortal remains of our first parents, Adam and Eve. On the skull of the larger and longer of the two skeletons can be distinctly deciphered, though in dim outline, that profoundly interesting initial letter A—the first letter of the first name of the first man that ever lived. And on the skull of the smaller, female figure, can be discerned by those who 'take notice of what they observe,' the letter E—the first letter of the name of the first woman who ever lived. But, finally, and here skeptics must certainly stand from under, in the throat of the male figure, deeply lodged amongst the small bones, well-nigh calcined by the lapse of six thousand years, may be seen the identical apple—a fall pipkin—now of course indestructibly petrified, that choiced the progenitor of our race!

Cooperstown had many sins to answer for before this brilliant discovery; but, now that it has the Original Sin down on its list, board ought to be cheap to the preachers. The story sounds somewhat Phinney; but, Otsego Lake always was celebrated for its finny resources, and we are bound to credit the new claim for distinction.

With the bones of Adam, Eve and Fenimore Cooper in its keeping, who wouldn't "go in" for Otsego Lake?

**Beaten at His Own Game.**—The Arm-Chair once referred to the growing respect for American humor which the subjects of "Her Ma-

jesty" were showing—the great literary organ, *The Atheneum*, expressing the opinion that nothing in Great Britain was comparable to the wit and the talent for smile-provoking talk, which seemed indigenous to this country. This was an honest confession, and yet one so true that the confession can not be said to have been forced—everybody conversant with literature knows it to be true. One of the greatest "wags" we ever knew was the comedian, Dan Marble, who, along with the hard-drinking and enjoyable "Yankee Hill," used to make laugh on the boards and off, from Portland to New Orleans. Dan was especially noted for his big stories—some of which are, to this day, repeated with infinite gusto. But Dan sometimes found his match in "stretching things," of which the following is an instance:

Dan was one day strolling along the Boston wharves when he met a tall, gaunt Californian just returned from the "diggings," and at once began to question the gold-seeker as to the healthfulness of the Western coast, receiving this an

swer:

"Healthy! It ain't nothing else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and tan without walking more than fifteen minutes. Just think of that the next cold morning you get out o' bed. There is a mountain there—the Sarra Nedavy they call it—with a valley on each side of it, one hot, and the other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain, with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you wish."

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! Often, and should have done very well but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off with pinnin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see; true as you live."

This fellow probably well knew who Marble was and gave him a dose of his own medicine. In this species of humor—for such the *Athenaeum* declares it to be—the American is unapproachable. If any nation ever made a science we have done it, and have on the strength of our success in that line gained a vast reputation for humor!

**Chat.**—Almost every day we meet instances of incivility so coarse and reprehensible that sometimes we think the race of true gentlemen are running out. Go where you will you have cigar smoke puffed in your face—which is always an insult; the smoker should smoke where it can offend no person.—So with chewing tobacco and spitting. Why the tobacco-spitter seems to think he has a pre-emption right over cars, walks, floors and streets, on which to cast his vile mark. The tobacco-chewer is, in three cases out of four, a very uncivil person in the matter of his disregard of the decencies of habit.—Then comes the person who crowds and jostles every one he passes. He is a nuisance and a boor, no matter whose son he is. His incivility is a mark of his low origin. No gentleman ever crowds or rudely jostles others. The man who uses loud and unseemly words which others must hear, in public, is uncivil. A gentleman never is obtrusive, especially with his speech.—So runs the category. True civility is so rare that when we meet it we feel like asking the man for his address. What true civility is some one has thus happily expressed:

"True civility is not a mere superficial, skin-deep politeness—a candied deal of courtesy—the indiscriminate fawning of a spaniel—the grimaces of an untaught imposter; but a hearty wish to make others happy at our own cost, a manly deference without hypocrisy or intrusion. Such civility implies self-sacrifice; and it has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. It is an art and a tact, rather than an instinct or an inspiration. It is the last touch, the crowning perfection of a noble character; it has been truly described as the gold on the spine, the sunlight on the cornfield, the smile on the lip of the noble knight, lowering his sword-point to his lady-love; and it results only from the trust balance and harmony of soul."

Which we command to the special consideration of that large class of men (and women too, for that matter) who leave their good manners at home when they venture out in the companionship of others.

## SO NOW!

I THINK it is a downright shame for people to act as they do. I suppose you wonder what I've to say about *now*. Well, I shan't let you wonder long. I hate to see people giving magnificent parties, costing—I don't know how many thousands of dollars, and never have them think of the hundreds of poor shop-girls, and sewing women, who barely can keep soul and body together, and to whom the price of one little diamond would be a fortune! God's plenty wasted and sacrificed on *show!* God's plenty wasted on frivolity! I wish I had the power of judgment. So now!

I hate to see my own sex with yards of silks or satin trailing on the ground, frittering away their time in idle gossip, when I know of a poor woman who toils all day, and who can afford nothing better for a best dress than a calico, and a cheap one at that. When I hear Miss Vanity talk of how "excruciatingly tired" she is after dancing a few hours, and how much rest her delicate frame requires, I feel as if I'd just like to make her stand over a wash-tub all day, and rub, rub, rub. So now!

And look at the trunks going to Saratoga! I've heard it in the light of some persons' ambition to have the largest array of trunks when "summer" it at a watering-place. Pretty ambition, that is! It may be a handsome sight, but I think it would be a much prettier one to see a trunk packed full of good substantial clothing wending its way to the home of some destitute and deserving family, and I am old-fashioned enough to like such exhibitions myself. So now!

It was painful for me to see so many houses closed up, when I was in the city last summer, and know that their former inhabitants were away at some fashionable resort. I don't mean to say it was painful for me to know that they were having a good time, or that I'd deprive them of their pleasures; not I! But when I saw the poorer class of the community huddled together, and striving to keep cool by having their one door and window open, I just bit my lips and wondered if the Long-Branch reporters remembered that our Savior told us we were to remember the widow and the fatherless? And if so, why they don't do it? So now!

I am one of those who love to work for my church fairs, and I'll make as many pincushions, pen-wipers, bows and neckties as one wants; but I am heathenish enough not to let the poor go hungry meanwhile, and I don't feel like waiting until the treasurer brings in his account, if I know some one actually needs money before then. I vote for money when it's most needed. So now!

Vote for money, when the Scripture says it is the root of all evil? You can't know what you are talking about, Eve!

I beg your pardon, but I do know what I'm talking about, and the Scriptures say nothing of the kind. It isn't money itself that is the root of all evil; it is the love of it. So now!

Just take money away from us, and how would we be able to get along at all? There'd be no going to Saratoga or Long Branch; no hearing of Nilsson or Parepa Rosa; no Peace Jubilees, and no wearing of Stewart's latest styles. So you see I am in the right when I

want plenty of money about, but I do want all so to not let it be all confined to the rich, because it must be an awful task to take care of so much, and really it would not be much trouble to those who see so little of it. So now!

But we are too heedless of others' wants; we don't think how many mouthfuls of bread we are depriving our less fortunate brothers and sisters of when we let a five-dollar bill slip onto the counter of the confectionery store for a few pounds of candy. And neither do you, gentlemen, give a thought of the dreadful waste when you're puffing away at your choicest cigars. And it's more shame for you that you are duplicating them by hundreds, and he calls his creation the "Ready-and-Go!"

While the superintendent was speaking, the young milliner had stopped at the further end of a long table where we were standing, to put up his "creation" on a tall stand. His face was beaming with delight; not the pleasure that is so repulsive in vain natures, when they know they are being praised or talked about. There was something in his face above that—above his occupation, I thought. So I expressed myself to the superintendent, regretting that one who looked so artist-like should be "only a man-milliner."

"Let me introduce him to you," was the reply, "and you will change your mind."

So Harry T. came forward and was duly presented. He was flattered, and his ingenuous face confessed it at once. I had a long conversation with him, which I shall not give in detail to my readers, but in substance repeat what I learned.

Harry was of English birth and parentage. His mother, a widow of some means, came to America when he was only five or six years old, and purchased a farm near Paris, Kentucky, where they lived till the close of the war. Harry's fondness for feminine attire displayed itself at an early age. He would invent and make with his own hands paper parasols, bonnets and dresses for miniature ladies; he loved dolls, and would not be denied the use of a thimble, needle and scissors, just like a girl. Laughing at him did no good. He was born to be a milliner or costumer. Tractable in disposition and amiable in character, he would perform the farm labors and garden tasks his mother appointed for him, but spent all his leisure hours in making his paper models of bonnets and dresses.

The British then advanced in two columns and several paragraphs, at the rate of forty dollars a column, and opened on the enemy with solid leaden matter, and the French columns were pried very suddenly. Just then Braddock got his brick-battery of mortar in position, and galled the French so bitterly that they had to put to their India rubber coats to keep the storm of shells off, and they sent in a remonstrance to Braddock that his firing was very offensive to them, inasmuch as the smoke blew in their eyes.

Braddock then sent forward the 15th Rifles to rifle the pockets of the enemy, but the French had planted a battery on the hill, and held it; and it grew rapidly and got so big that the British could not now it off, and a good many were ironed out pretty flat in the attempt, and they received a check—for their baggage clear through.

Braddock, seeing how things were going, got mad and took an extra chew of tobacco, and sent forward a battalion armed with fire-crackers, which nearly frightened the Indians to death; they thought they were mitrailleuses, but to put to their India rubber coats to keep the storm of shells off, and they sent in a remonstrance to Braddock that his firing was very offensive to them, inasmuch as the smoke blew in their eyes.

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**FATE.**

BY E. RENE CARROLL.

"Good-by!" my boyish lover said,  
And lower bent his handsome head,  
Till fresh, unsullied lips pressed mine,  
Unsoiled by oath, unstained by wine—  
While breaking heart and tear-stained face  
Were sheltered in his strong embrace.

Ab rose, singing on the wall;  
From far-off fields, the oxen's low,  
The apple-blooms, that fled like snow,  
The clear, brown eyes that leaned above,  
And drew my answering glance of love.

He went from me to write his name  
On Honor's scroll, in lines of flame;  
To win for me, in Fate's despite,  
A stately home, a honored name;  
But, ship that bore him from the shore,  
Was never seen by mortal, more.

"Adieu!" my boyish lover said,  
And over my hand he beat his head.  
My hand—where his jewels shone—  
"I'll claim this soon, my love, my own!"  
He left me smiling, blithe and gay;  
I, calm and careless, turned away.

He came to claim my promised faith  
Through the soft song of the sea of death,  
And gave me all that wish could claim—  
A stately home, an honored name;

All—yet 'twas far beyond his art,  
To give me this—a happy heart!

For, how could heart or face be gay,  
Remembering still that earlier day?  
When faint beneath some unknown sea,  
The eyes that lit me faded from me,  
And faded from the earth and skies  
The girl whose wear to happy eyes!

Ah! even in my stately halls,  
All day a step behind me falls;  
And often, in the moonless night,  
A face arises, warm and bright;  
More dear than all earth's faces seem  
The face that greets me in my dreams.

**What the "Journal" Did.**

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You are a curious girl, Netta."

"Am I? Pray what is it I have been doing now?"

Netta Helwyn looked up from her work—an elaborate smoking-cap it was, of rich, royal purple and brilliantly-gleaming gold—with a smile on her pretty, girlish face and an expression full-roghorned, half-depredatory in her winsome eyes.

For answer, Lulie Vandyne pointed silently at the smoking-cap, over which Netta's deft fingers were flying. And then, Netta suddenly blushed.

"Oh! you mean I am curious because of Warner Dale? Why, where is the harm of my making him this cap for a philistine present?"

A spice of defiance in Netta's tones betrayed a greater interest at stake than she cared to manifest.

"A great deal of harm, Netta, considering that we all know so little good of Mr. Dale. But, you are a curious girl, I said."

Lulie's face was slightly clouded now, for she saw symptoms of her friend's hasty temper; then, with a charming cunningness, she suddenly changed her tactics.

"If there isn't Harry Emerson, Netta! Look up quick or you'll lose his bow!"

But, Miss Helwyn was in no special hurry, and so lost what Lulie was so anxious she should have.

"I would have looked up if it had been Mr. Dale," she said, and looked saucily at Lulie as she said it. "Because," she went on, with charming ingenuousness, and her sweet face bent lower over the gay wordsteds and braids, till they borrowed a pink tinge from her incarnadine cheeks—"truth to tell, Lulie, I don't care a snap for Harry Emerson any longer—not since I became acquainted with Warner—Mr. Dale, I mean. Harry is so old-fashioned and such a soberness, and—"

"And so true and honest-hearted and upright! While Warner Dale, just because he is handsome as some Italian bandit, and romantic, and stylish, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend, has turned your head, and wounded poor Harry to the quick."

Lucie had suddenly taken Netta's words from her lips, and in her impulsive, enthusiastic way drew a picture that was true to the life.

"Well," said Netta, after a while, and her voice was pitched in a dogged tone that Lulie knew it was useless to combat, "I presume I am the best judge of my own taste. And I decidedly prefer Mr. Warner Dale."

She began to work in her golden threads with a decisive air as if the matter were settled; and Lulie, with a grave little nod of her head, compressed her lips, and the subject tacitly dropped for the time.

Lulie Vandyne had told the truth when she described Warner Dale as being "handsome, romantic, stylish, a stranger with plenty of money to spend."

He was remarkably good-looking—in a certain dashing way that many persons admire—that little Netta Helwyn, who had read so many trashy novels, who had always signed for some out-of-the-ordinary-way style of love and courtship, who had always firmly believed she would have a romance some time or other, enthusiastically admired.

He was well read and refined, or Netta would not have been so warm toward him—this bold, black-eyed gentleman who had so turned her foolish, willful, tender little heart away from Harry Emerson.

Harry was "nowhere" nowadays. All the long, bright, sunshiny June days Netta was off with pleasure parties from the hotel, with Mr. Warner Dale for her devoted cavalier. And when the moonlight nights came, and poor, heavy-headed Harry walked over to the Helwyn farm-house, hoping to find Netta alone, somewhere among the vines, where she used to go the last summertime when she thought Harry was coming, he would be dead sure to see Mr. Warner Dale and Netta sitting at one end of the veranda talking very low, and Netta with the blue ribbon of her guitar around her neck, while mother and father and neighbor Dodge were discussing some weighty question on the other end.

And yet, withal, Harry fairly worshiped Netta Helwyn. He knew, from the very bottom of his heart, that he would do any thing, every thing to recover her, and save her from marrying Warner Dale, who he knew was not just the kind of man he would like to have his sister marry, much less this girl he loved so himself, whose worse fault was that she was so willfully blind.

What should Harry do? Then, like an inspiration, it occurred to him that there was a friend he had had a long time—ever since he and Netta had been such good friends. Harry remembered sundry bits of good advice given by this friend, and so he wrote to the "SATURDAY JOURNAL" and asked what course he had better pursue under the circumstances.

A manly, straightforward letter it was, just such a letter as perfectly revealed his fine character. And the answer he read, was manly, straightforward, sensible, kind, as became the adviser.

This answer, that we have all read, only, of course, no amount of money could bribe me to tell which especial answer in SATURDAY JOUR-

NAL'S column I mean—this answer bade Harry keep on in the even tenor of his way and worry as little as possible. And if the girl's head was only a little dazed, her eyes would doubtless be opened in due season; but, if it was her heart that was captivated by this rival, and she openly avowed it, then Harry had every reason to congratulate himself on his escape.

So, with a consciousness that it was only Netta's head that was turned, Harry gladly accepted the good advice, and waited.

The first frosty breath of October had lent new glory to field and forest; and over the vivid brightness of the gay foliage that nodded in the fresh wind, poor little Netta Helwyn was looking with wistful, unrestful longing in her brown eyes.

It was the first shadow those bonny eyes had ever worn in all the fresh young life that had counted less than a score of times the leaves had fallen; now, with unshed tears making dense mists, Netta Helwyn was reaping the harvest that came from the seed she had sown.

It was a splendidly-written, elegantly, coldly-worded note she had read, and read, and again that day; a note Warner Dale had written a moment before he paid his landlord's bill, and jumped aboard the city-bound train, never to return to the quiet country town where he had so cruelly wounded Netta Helwyn's heart, where he had taught her the bitter lesson of disappointed hopes.

It had been a fearfully-bitter draught for her lips to taste, and when Netta first discovered it—by this note—that she had only been a toy in Warner Dale's hands—a novel, pretty toy, to help amuse him during a summer's vacation—a toy he had tired of just in time—that he would forget, if so be his conscience would let him again—when little Netta, who had discarded Harry Emerson, who had more than once angered dear, faithful Lulie Vandyne, who had grieved mother and father by her perverseness, learned what it all had come to—simply a formal, careless "good-by" forever, from yours gratefully, Warner Nelson Dale—"she wondered if the chill in her heart would ever go away, or if the clouds that seemed to lower over all her future pathway could ever lighten.

And the worst of it was, she was obliged, for very shame's sake, to bear her burden alone. Any other trouble she would have told Lulie, or mother, or—or—and Netta covered up her tear-swelled, crimson face with the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders—or Harry! Harry always was so sympathetic, and could so exactly appreciate her feelings, although in this particular case she hardly dared think of him!

She didn't know what to do, or where to turn. She only was conscious of one distinct feeling, and two indistinct wishes. And the feeling was, that she was the most forlorn girl in all the world, and the wishes were, that she only had never had Warner Dale cross her path; if only she dared tell Harry Emerson all about it!

But she didn't dare; and then, sitting all cuddled up in the warm woolen shawl, in her frosty bedroom, something very like Madame Dale stalked in, and Netta suddenly found herself pouring out her whole heart to—SATURDAY JOURNAL. What should she do? she asked; how could she mend matters? and then, as she never could have told Lulie Vandyne, or mother, or Harry either, she told this discreet adviser just how foolish she had been, how repentant she was.

How she waited for the next paper, and the next, and the third week she found what she wanted.

The paper had printed her sweet, touching story almost entire, and then, with terse kindness, added: "Show this to him."

How her heart was bounding as she leaned against the parlor window, reading, trying to decide to obey the dictates of her heart that coincided so well with the advice she had received! Should she, or should she not? And Madame Dale laughed in her sleeve as Harry Emerson passed by, just that minute, and his shadow fell over the paper Netta had.

And Netta suddenly tapped against the glass; her eyes were full of tears; her sweet red lips quivering, and Harry, as he came through the entry, felt the funniest lump in his throat.

And she showed him the paper; and then from his coat-pocket he took another, and showed it to her!

Need we tell the result?

Suffice it that there are two especial copies of the JOURNAL in Mrs. Harry Emerson's bureau-drawer, where she keeps her choicest treasures.

And in each paper, in a certain column, a paragraph around which are heavy ink parentheses.

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And yet, withal, Harry fairly worshiped Netta Helwyn. He knew, from the very bottom of his heart, that he would do any thing, every thing to recover her, and save her from marrying Warner Dale, who he knew was not just the kind of man he would like to have his sister marry, much less this girl he loved so himself

A single glance gives this information to both of the cavaliers. Now they know why they could not be received. The señoritas are going out on a ride—a *paseo de campo*—along with their rivals!

The excursionists, of course, will have every opportunity of doing what they may desire. They will get separated two and two; and there can be no doubt as to how this partition will be made. Crozier to pair off with Carmen, the other with Inez. Thus they will ride unmolested, unobserved, converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen; perhaps exchange kisses!

Oh, the dire, damnable jealousy!

Frank Lara feels it in every vein. Don Faustino, too.

After gazing a while at the house, the horses and groom—at the preparations for mounting, made in a magnificent style—looking back, as Satan when expelled from Paradise—both spur down the hill, and are soon out of sight.

At its bottom they again halt; De Lara drawing up first. Facing to his companion, he says:

"We're in for a fight, Faustino; both of us!"

"Not both. I don't think I'm called upon to challenge that young *guardia-marinera*. He's but a boy, without a single hair on his face."

"He's been man enough to insult you; and if I mistake not, you'll find him man enough to meet you. But, come; we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to dream over. Do you intent to fight or not?" De Lara spoke in hot fervor and impatience, evidently angered at the other's apathy or cowardice.

"I'd rather not," replies Calderon, hesitatingly. "That is, if the thing can be arranged without—Do you think it can, De Lara?"

"Of course it can; your thing, as you call it. But not without disgrace to you."

"Well, if you think I ought to call him out, and must, why, I suppose I must. But I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second rate with the rapier. I can handle a *mache* with most, or a *cuchillo*; but those weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?"

"Undoubtedly he does; and with good reason. An officer belonging to an American man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But, come, Faustino! You use the small sword with considerable skill. I've seen you at Woberto's fencing school."

"Yes, I took lessons there."

"Well, let that be your weapon."

"But how can it, if I am to be the challenger?"

"You needn't be. There's a way to get over that. Those fellows are not going straight back to their ship. They'll be in the town to-night for a cruise, as they call it, and you'll be sure to meet your man. Go up to him, and in some way insult him grossly. Give him a cuff, spit in his face, any thing; and then wait for him to challenge you."

"Carramba! I'll do as you say."

"That's right. Now let us think of what's before us. As we're both to be principals, we can't stand seconds to one another. I know one who'll act for me. Have you got a friend that will do the same for you?"

"Don Manuel Lozada; he's the only one I can think of."

"Don Manuel will do. He's a cool hand, and knows all the regulations of the duelo. But he's not at home to-day. As I chance to know, he's gone to a *funcion de gallos* at Punta Arena, beyond the Dolores Mission. By this time he'll be in the cockpit."

"Why can't we go there? or had we better send?"

"Better send, I think. Time's precious; at least mine is. You know I must be at the *monte-table* as soon as the lamps are lit. If I'm not, the bank will go begging, and we may lose half our customers. Besides, I have my own second to look up; which must be done before I lay hand upon the cards. What time is it? I've not got my watch with me."

"Twelve and a quarter past," answers Calderon, consulting his *relojito*.

"Only that. Then there's plenty of time for us to get to Punta Arena, and see a main or two. Don Manuel has a big bet on his *pardo*. I'd like to stake a double or two myself on that cock. Yes, on reflection, we'd better go ourselves. It'll be the surest way to secure the services of Lozada."

At this the two gamblers moved off, taking the road for Punta Arena.

Their jealous anger still unappeased, they spur their horses into a gallop, riding as if for life, on an errand of death!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

### Cad's Correspondent.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"I've such a piece of news to tell you!" cried Lucia Payne, as she fluttered into the Densmore parlor like a whirlwind, one morning; "such a piece of news! Lottie Harper's married!"

"You don't mean it!" cried little Cad Densmore, catching some of Lucia's enthusiasm over the prospect of fresh subject for gossip.

"But I do, though," answered Lucia. "You never could guess who to."

"Do tell," entreated Cad.

"A young man from the city; his name is Sherwin. Such a romantic affair, too. You know Lottie was to be married to a young man of some newspaper office, and wrote to her. She answered his letter, and a correspondence sprang up between them, and the end of it is, they're married. It's just like a story, isn't it, for all the world?"

"Exactly," responded Cad. "If I could write stories, now, instead of poetry, I'd make it into an article for the next week's *Sentinel*. 'A story from real life,' or, 'A true story,' you know. Wouldn't that sound nice?"

"Of course it would," said Lucia, very decidedly. "But I must run over and tell the MacGregor girls. I thought I must let you all know about it, it's so romantic."

"Dear me," sighed Cad, after Lucia had gone, "how nice it must be to have a correspondent that one doesn't know anything about. It's so much more interesting than to get letters from some one you know. I don't see why I can't have one. The next piece of poetry I send to the *Sentinel*, I'm going to put my post office address to, and see if some one won't write to me."

Cad sat down that very afternoon and wrote a piece of poetry for the village paper, signing her initials only, C. N. D., and adding the name of her post-office. This she sent, hoping that it would attract somebody's attention and secure her a correspondent.

Cad could hardly believe her sense when Tom, her sixteen-year-old brother, brought her a letter about two weeks after that, addressed to "C. N. D." in a strange hand.

"It must be from some one who saw my poetry," cried Cad, with sparkling eyes; "do you suppose it is, Tom?"

"Open it and see," said Tom; "that's the best way to tell."

Full of eager impatience, Cad tore open the envelope, and drew out a sheet of paper closely

written over in a very peculiar, scratching hand.

"It's signed Kirk Wood," announced Cad, after an inspection of the last page—"pretty name, isn't it? And—yes—he does want to correspond with me, for he says, 'Having read some of your beautiful poems in the *Sentinel*, published in your village, I am anxious to know something of their fair authoress. The editor of that paper, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, told me that the writer of the poems, which I so much admired, was a charming young lady, but would not reveal her name. When the last one came out with the initials C. N. D." attached, and the address of an author's post office, I resolved to write, and would like to correspond for the sake of mutual improvement, and a desire on my part to know more of the fair poetess.' Isn't it nice, Tom?"

"The excursionists, of course, will have every opportunity of doing what they may desire. They will get separated two and two; and there can be no doubt as to how this partition will be made. Crozier to pair off with Carmen, the other with Inez. Thus they will ride unmolested, unobserved, converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen; perhaps exchange kisses!"

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

what he was about, he was there on his knees before her, and had hold of her hand, and was imploring her to be his.

"Oh, Mr. Wood!" cried Cad, in distress. "Don't, please; let me go," and Cad snatched away her hand so suddenly, and with so much force, that it jarred off Mr. Wood's spectacles. In falling they caught in his long mustache and—Cad wondered if he was coming apart entirely—it slipped down over his chin and hung suspended on his bosom by a couple of strings, which seemed fastened to his ears

"Oh, oh!" shrieked Cad, giving one horrified look into the face uplifted to hers. "Tom Densmore, you wicked boy! How could you come here to impose on me in this way and pretend to be Mr. Wood? I'll tell Pa, as sure as I live."

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried Tom, rolling and kicking about on the floor. "I never knew anything so jolly in all my life. How do you like your correspondent now, Cad? Mr. Thomas Kirkwood Densmore at your service. Mr. Kirkwood is a pretty name, isn't it? Oh, dear!" and Tom went off into a series of spasmodic laughter.

"You don't mean to say that *you're* Mr. Wood?" cried Cad, indignantly, and just ready to cry.

"But I do, though," answered Tom, holding his sides.

"You said he was handsome, and smart, and educated," sobbed Cad, "and there wasn't any such a man. You thought you was doing something very cunning, didn't you?"

"And ain't I smart and handsome, especially with the old gentleman's best clothes on, and a mustache? And don't I show the fires of genius in my eyes, say now? And ain't I educated like a book? Eh? And I'm safe in saying what I said before. I never knew any one I liked quite so well as I do your correspondent! Oh, dear! dear! But ain't it rich?"

Tom laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and he could laugh no more.

"Perhaps you think so!" sobbed Cad, her eyes flashing scorn through her tears. "But I don't. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Densmore, deceiving me in that way!"

"I didn't mean to win your affections," said Tom, "but, if you really cared so much for Mr. Kirkwood, we'll be married in the spring."

"Why don't you name the day, dearest?"

And Tom went off into another round of spasmodic merriment.

Cad gave him one look, which Tom afterward declared held the concentrated essence of scorn, and left the room.

To this day she doesn't like to hear about her unknown correspondent. Tom sometimes asks her if she has heard from that handsome, talented, educated Mr. Kirkwood, but Cad answers that he died some time ago from softening of the brain.

"I was sure of that," cried Cad, "because he writes such beautiful letters."

Tom had to cough violently here, but he soon got his voice again.

"As I said, he's very handsome, and has a very intellectual look about him. You would know that he had a soul of genius, by a look into his eyes—beautiful eyes they are, Cad, I tell you. They fairly glow with the suppressed grandeur of his thoughts."

"How old is he?" queried Cad, breathlessly.

"Well, not more than twenty-two, should think," answered Tom, with much deliberation.

"And what did he say?" asked Cad.

"Oh, a great deal," answered Tom; "he's very eloquent, splendid command of language, you know. He's destined to make his mark in the world. And he's educated, too. What he don't know ain't worth knowing. I don't think I ever saw any one I liked better than I do Kirk Wood. We got quite intimate, you see."

"Oh, he must be just splendid, from your description of him," cried Cad, excitedly. "How I should like to see him."

"Perhaps you'll have a chance," said Tom.

"He told me he was coming out here to stay a week or two, and he wanted to get acquainted with his charming correspondent."

"Did he say that—just in them words?" asked Cad, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes," answered Tom, solemnly. "He did."

"And he's coming here to stay a week or two?" said Cad, half in rapture. "Oh, Tom! did you tell him that his correspondent was your sister?"

"Of course not," said Tom. "I thought he might find that out when he came."

The very next letter Cad got from Mr. Wood informed her that he was coming out to Dandy to spend a few days, and he should be pleased to have her tell him where to call and get acquainted with his unknown, but highly valued, correspondent.

Cad answered his letter and told him where to call, giving her name. Since they were to know each other, there was no use in keeping his longer behind her initials.

An answer came back promptly, saying that Mr. Wood would call on Miss Densmore at seven on Wednesday evening.

Such a time as Cad had getting ready for the reception of her visitor. She decided first to have her hair done up plainly; then to have it waved. The consequence of this lack of decision was that it was hardly according to either method. She finally decided to wear a white muslin, with blue flowers, though the cool evening weather made something thicker much more comfortable.

"On account of an engagement Tom couldn't possibly be there when Mr. Wood made his call."

"It's too bad you can't," said Cad. "You're acquainted with him, you know, and

# THE SATURDAY STAR JOURNAL

## WOULD THOU COULDST SEE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes  
The words my throbbing heart would say,  
But, unpronounced each word hidden lies,  
Which through Love's labyrinth lost its way.

Each fond affection that lives for thee,  
Yes, each tender thought that to thee flies  
When thou art far and I think of thee—  
Would thou couldst see them mirrored in mine eyes.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes  
The love in my heart for thee I hold;  
I vow I shall swear shall reach the skies,  
For their strength shall grow doublefold.

If the world were cold and thou alone,  
And I saw thee in anguish and cries,  
Were every heart as hard as a stone,  
Then Pete were mirrored in mine eyes.

World then couldst see mirrored in mine eyes  
Each kind feeling that springs from my heart,  
In thy complaint they would soothe thy sighs—  
Thou wouldst think we ne'er could live apart.

And, when o'er grows my once youthful bairn,  
Shouldst be with me, when my last hour dies,  
And thou, older in years than now,  
It were sweet to have these close mine eyes!

## A Brush with "Roadmen."

BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

"GENTS," said our driver, as the coach creaked up a long ascent, "here is the place where I had the three-mile dash two years ago."

"What dash?" inquired Pepper.

"The brush with the notorious roadman, Slim Pete."

"Who was Slim Pete?"

"Pepper!" I commanded, sternly. "Don't ask questions and perhaps the driver will tell the story. I am sure it must be interesting. Now don't intrude, Pepper. Remember young men should be seen, not heard."

"I am dumb!" He was an obedient knave, that Pepper, only a trifl too prying and inquisitive.

The driver smiled and continued:

"Now, gentlemen, please notice the country behind us. You see it is level prairie for two miles back, and then there is a big 'draw,' or gully, where we stalled in the mud awhile ago. Over this hill, (as you will see when we reach the summit) it is principally timber. Well, I was driving on this same route then, between the last station, Barker's Creek, and Brown's Ranch. That was before Kansas was settled much. Well, one afternoon I took the reins from Sandy Moore at Brown's, and drove off with one passenger, a heavy-set, sturdy man. He looked as if he had roughed it considerably, as he was tanned up, and his clothes were made for hard wear.

"He was evidently about fifty and very nervous.

"He appeared to be expecting some person to overtake him, as he frequently glanced over his shoulder.

"After we had gone about five miles he became more restless and fidgety, and kept looking back every minute. I thought he was expecting a friend, and wishing to have a talk, I spoke to him.

"Expecting some one?"

"Yes! that is to say, n-no."

"I thought you were, as you looked back so often."

"I have a good cause to look back."

"Yes?" I answered, Yankee fashion.

"He touched me on the shoulder and looked keenly at me.

"Driver, are there any desperate men in this region?"

"Plenty. You have heard of Slim Pete. Well, he is about here somewhere, though he generally keeps dark."

"He appeared relieved, and began to whistle 'Dan Tucker.' All at once he spoke out again right to the point, as before.

"Driver, there is a man following me."

"Ha!" thinks I. "He does expect some one." I asked aloud: "Who?"

"That is the question. I don't know, and he looked uneasily around. I saw he was scared at something and tried to ease his mind.

"Oh, no!" says I, "I guess not."

"But I know it. See here, driver, I might as well tell you. I have money with me, and not a small amount either. It is ten thousand dollars."

"There was a man at the last station saw me pull out a sum of money from which I paid for my dinner, and I'll stake my life he is skulking through the bushes after me. I saw him. Yes, sir! only a few minutes ago. Did you see a short man with long black hair and mustache, leaning against the door as we drove away from the station?"

"Yes, I remembered seeing a stranger at the ranch. I had seen him before, though to tell where I couldn't, to save my life. I was trying to recollect, when he touched my elbow and whispered:

"Look back!"

"I turned and saw a horseman ride into a clump of bushes half a mile behind."

"He's after me, I am sure! drive on, and let us get to the next station or I'll lose my money."

"Nonsense," said I. "If he wanted your money he wouldn't show himself so plain. Robbers are sly."

"I don't care for that! I know he is after my money." He glanced over his shoulder uneasily, as he said this, and was really alarmed. We had arrived to the top of a hill, the summit on which we are now. Whoa, boys! Now, gentlemen, look behind and notice that clump of trees off to the left while I go on with the story."

"When we had arrived here at the top, he suddenly exclaimed:

"See! yonder is another horseman, stealing along the edge of that clump of trees."

"He pointed to the timber at which you are now looking. Sure enough a man was stealing through the bushes on the border of the wood. Though quite far away I could see he was tall and slender, and mounted on a cream-colored horse."

"Whew! I knew as soon as I saw him it was Slim Pete on his cream mare. My passenger was in a fix sure enough, and without any more talk I whipped up and started down the hill on a gallop. As soon as the horseman saw this movement he dashed out of the timber and galloped toward the coach. I looked back for the man behind."

"Instead of one man there were two, both coming with their horses on the keen jump as to overtake us."

"I now saw mischief, and laid the lash on the leaders, and we fairly flew down the hill. If they meant robbery, nothing but speed would save us, as the passenger was almost out of his wits and fit for nothing."

"Here we were, pushing for Barker's with two desperate men on swift horses behind us, and one in front, trying to head us off."

"Drive on!" yelled my passenger, nearly crazy with fear. "Drive on! give me the whip!"

"He tried to take it from my hand."

"Leave it alone!" I shouted, getting excited myself. "Let it be, or I will strike you with it."

I am driving this team." He drew back, shivering.

"Thank the Lord we were going down-hill, and mighty fast too. But Pete was gaining on us."

"He was running at right-angles to us and evidently striving to get in our front. There was a gully which ran parallel with the road for several miles. It was broad and deep. In order to 'head' us, Pete would have to leap the gully. He saw it, and knowing the width spurred his horse to the leap.

"Few horses could have cleared it, but Pete's mare was the best animal in Northern Kansas, and when I saw him gallop toward it I gave up all hope.

"We had just got to the bottom of the hill when Pete was rushing for the gully. Bending until his head nearly touched the horse's neck, he drove his spur into her flanks, gave a wild whoop, and then—the horse and rider were rolling in the bottom of the gully. The robbers were in dead earnest and meant to catch us, but we were now beside the leaders, two fine young horses with light heels.

"Ha! I stopped my horses and sprang to the ground, calling to the passenger to follow. Drawing my bowie (we all carried them then, sir) I hastily cut the leaders' traces and check-lines, and told the man to mount one of the horses. We had no time to waste, for the men behind were coming down the hill like the wind and Slim Pete was remounting on this side of the gully. The robbers were in dead earnest and meant to catch us, but we were now beside the leaders, two fine young horses with light heels.

"In less time than it takes to tell it, the whole five of us were flying over the prairie, robbers, driver and passenger, all urging their horses to their best speed. We could hear our pursuers howl as we abandoned the coach, and we knew from that there was no hope for either of us if once captured. The thought of this surged in my brain, and I hastily devised a plan for outwitting the ruffians. I knew our horses were no match for theirs, and that in two miles we should be certainly overtaken or shot down in our saddles. Thank Heaven they were not near enough to shoot yet, and all I wanted was to keep this distance ahead of them until I reached the gully, where my plan was to be put in execution. The plan was this:

"The road, when it entered the gully, was so narrow that horsemen on a gallop would have to pass through the gully single file. We would take our stand on the opposite side and we could easily pick off two, at least, and while only one would have a chance to shoot.

"We were only a few yards from the gully now, and we dashed forward, feeling quite confident of the result. In a few moments we had drawn up on a bank commanding the road through the gully, and were waiting with cocked revolvers for the issue.

"We had not long to wait. On they came, swearing and brandishing their revolvers, and recklessly tore into the gully, 'neck or nothing!'

"I glanced at my companion, and was astonished. He was cool as a norther, and firm as a stone-wall, now that it came right down to a question of nerve. He was as steady as a studded bear.

"I will shoot first," I said, and when Slim Pete, who was in the lead, commenced to climb the bank, I let drive. At the same time his mare stumbled and fell, and Slim Pete, with a wild cry, threw up his arms and fell with the mare—falling under her.

"At the same time my companion fired, and the next man went tumbling out of his saddle, while his horse fell over the cream mare. The third man was riding so fast and was so close behind, he could not stop in time, and his horse stumbled and fell heavily over the other two, crushing his rider as he fell.

"Dispatching the traveler to Barker's for assistance, I cautiously walked into the gully, with my revolver in readiness for use. But there was no necessity for it now, as they were all severely wounded, either by falling or by our bullets. When the men arrived from Barker's, they were all lifeless.

"Driver, there is a man following me."

"Ha!" thinks I. "He does expect some one."

"Expecting some one?"

"Yes! that is to say, n-no."

"I thought you were, as you looked back so often."

"I have a good cause to look back."

"Yes?" I answered, Yankee fashion.

"He touched me on the shoulder and looked keenly at me.

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"He appeared relieved, and began to whistle 'Dan Tucker.' All at once he spoke out again right to the point, as before.

"Driver, there is a man following me."

"Ha!" thinks I. "He does expect some one."

"Expecting some one?"

"Yes! that is to say, n-no."

"I thought you were, as you looked back so often."

"I have a good cause to look back."

"Yes?" I answered, Yankee fashion.

"He touched me on the shoulder and looked keenly at me.

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## A SAD CASE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Life was to him the hardest row  
On which he ever rode,  
Care over him hung, and lo  
It was a heavy load;  
And everywhere that he would go  
It spurned him like a goat.  
  
He had full many things to rue  
For he had been quite rude,  
With a curse or two a few  
He was in a fever;  
Yet why he e'er was in a stew  
He never understood.  
  
In others' business to pry  
He always took a pride;  
He ne'er was known to give a sign  
To sufferers at his side,  
And always took a share of rye  
When he would take a ride.  
  
He always hoisted a plaintive knee  
When he was in sore need,  
Nor gave a very generous fee  
For all his earthly need,  
And trusted naught but fate, which we  
Consider but a weed.  
  
He often touched the flowing bowl  
To make his spirits bold,  
Nor ever thought of earthly goal  
Of bright and yellow gold,  
And though his boots had ne'er a sole,  
No one was harder-souled.  
  
He always listened, as I knew,  
To other people's news,  
And strove not at some people do  
To give all manner of dues;  
And sometimes tried to hand at loo,  
At which he'd often lose.  
  
At first the rights of men he'd war  
Impulsively and warm,  
He saw the poor down-trodden are,  
But never gave his arm,  
Nor longed to see each, near and far,  
Possess a goodly farm.  
  
To scan the faults of other men  
He durst not that he meant,  
With his friends he had but one in ten  
He had but one intent—  
Ever to make his heart a pen  
And keep his feelings pent.  
  
The ill that often crossed his way  
Broke o'er him like a wave,  
And long before his head was gray  
He went into the grave,  
And all that we could do or say  
Is powerless to save.

## Strange Stories.

## THE LADY OF THE GLEN.

## A Legend of Glenfinlas.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By Moneira's sullen brook, in the deep Glenfinlas glen, within a cabin rude, repose two highland chieftains, Lord Ronald, Glenartney's stately tree, and moody May, Clangillian's lord.

Better soldier than joyous Lord Ronald never drew broad claymore or bent the Scottish yero. Lenny's Pass, by the Teith's resounding shore, had seen the rush of Ronald's clan and the flight of the lowland chieftains before the fierce array.

And dark-browed May, last of Clangillian's mighty line, in Colombia's mystic isle, the Seer's prophetic spirit had found. Full many a spirit of earth and air to him was known, which wandering spirits shrunk to hear. 'Twas said, that oft in mystic mood high converse with the dead he held and oft espied the fated shroud that would some future corpse enfold. To him the gift of second sight was given.

A guest within Lord Ronald's halls, with that noble chief for three days, had gloomy May chased the red deer along Glenfinlas' gray sides, and now, in the hunting lodge deep within the glen, the two reposed.

The watch-fires burned upon the hearth, and pleasure burned in Ronald's eyes, as many a pledge of mountain dew he quaffed to May, who, gloomy and reserved, wrapped in his plaid, glowered over the burning fagots.

"May, a secret to thee I'll tell," Lord Ronald abruptly said. "To chase the deer along the mountain's side this morning two girls, the fairest of our highland maids, left their father's castle, the daughters of the proud Glengyle. Long have I sought to win the love of the youngest of the twain, fair Mary, but in vain the lover's wily art beneath a sister's watchful eye; but thou may teach that watchful maid of other hearts to cease her care and make her mindful of her own. Touch but their harp and thou shall see the lovely Flora, unmindful of aught else, hang on thy notes, her face 'twixt tear and smile."

Mournful was the smile of May, and slowly he shook his head.

"Since Erick's fight and gentle Morna's death, no more for me the melting kiss or yielding eye," he sadly said. "And then, in that hour of anguish wild, on me the Seer's sad spirit came; to dash all hope of joy, the gift to me was given the future ill to know. The bark thou saw on a summer morn part from the sand of Oban's shore, mine eyes beheld, wrecked and torn on rocky Colonay. And Fergus, too, thy sister's son; you saw him as forth he marched in gallant pride against the Laird of Downe. You saw the tartans wave as down the wooded pass they wound and heard the pibroch's shrill note and the target's clanking sound; I heard the groans and marked the tears, saw the wound his bosom bore, when on the Saxon's steered steel he poured his clan's resistless rush. And now, when thou bidst me think of bliss and woman's lovely charms, my heart, oh, Ronald, bleeds for thee. I see the death-damps gathering on thy brow, I hear thy anguished cry; before my eyes the corpse lights dance, and now—the vision's o'er."

Slowly May closed his blazing eyes, and with his tartan wiped away the bead-like drops which clustered on his brow. But Ronald's blood beat high in every vein, and he laughed to scorn the Seer's prophetic words.

"Sad prophet of an evil hour, enjoy thy dreams alone," Lord Ronald said. "Why should we scorn the bliss of love because on the morrow the storm may break? But, sooth or falsehood thy prophetic speech, my heart can never sink, even though I know that my blood is doomed to stain the Saxon spear. Even now, to meet me in yonder dell, my Mary's footsteps brush the dew. Farewell! I'll leave thee to thy sad reflections, while I'll forth to meet my own true love."

Rising to his feet, and whistling to the hounds to follow close at heel, he left the shelter of the lodge.

The night was soft and the sky calm; the moon, half-hid in silvery flakes, shone down on wood and dell, quivering on Katrine's distant lakes and crowned Benledis's head.

Sad were May's prophetic dreams as, bending over the dying flame, he fed the watch-fire blaze.

Within an hour each hound returned. With melancholy howls they rushed within the lodge, and trembling in affright, kept close to May with shivering limbs and stifled growls.

No Ronald came, though the midnight hour was at hand, and, as the last minute of the hour passed away, untouched, the minstrel harp of May began to sound.

Slowly and softly opened the door; sure it was never touched by mortal hands.

Lightly a footstep pressed the floor, and by the watch-fire's glimmering light, close by the side of May, appeared a huntress maid. All dripping wet were her robes of green, and her face and form were of beauty rare.

Bending over the dying gleam of the watch-fire, she rung the moisture from her hair. A maiden's gentle blush was on her cheek as, turning to May, she spoke:

"Oh, noble huntsman, hast thou seen in deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade a maiden fair clad in vest of green, and with her is a highland chief, his tartan is of the Glenartney plaid, and the bonnet clasp that he wears tells that he is of the race of great MacGillianore?"

All ghastly pale, dark-eyed May gazed into the face of the lady fair; a fiend from the nether shades could not have more appalled him.

"And who art thou?" he cried in accents wild and fierce. "And why beneath the moon's pale beams darst thou roam Glenfinlas' side?"

"Where Loch Katrine pours her tide, blue, dark and deep, round many an isle, my father's towers overhang the wave. I am the daughter of the bold Glengyle. This day amid the woodland grove, my sister and myself met the son of great MacGillianore. Aid me to seek the pair, whom this eve, loitering in the wood, I lost. Alone I dare not venture, for in the coppice drear there walks, they say, many a dismal ghost."

"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there," the gloomy Seer replied, while his life-blood ran cold in every vein; "but ere I aid thee in thy search, my own sad vow I must keep, and raise to heaven the midnight prayer."

"No, no!" the maiden quickly said. "Oh, first, for pity's gentle sake, guide a lone wanderer on her way. I must cross the haunted mire and reach my father's to her eve day."

"Nay!" the Seer sternly cried, with gleaming eyes, "first three times tell each Ave bead and thrice a Pater-noster say, then kiss with me the holy charm, so that we can safely venture amid the wood."

Then anger sparkled in the eyes of the maiden clad in the vest of green, and rudely she made reply:

"Oh, shame to knighthood! Go and doff the bonnet from thy brow and hide thee in a monk's garb, which best fits thy sullen vow. Not so did thou answer when by high Dunlathmon's fire thy heart, by lively Morna's melting eye, was turned to love, and thy harp sung of more than mortal bliss."

Wide stared the dark eyes of May, and high upon his head the sable locks arose. Quick his color came and went, as rage and fear alternate swelled within his heart.

"And thou that knowest of that hour of bliss," he wildly cried, "where hid ye then?" Rode ye on the curling smoke or on the bosom of the wind? I ken ye well, spirit of the glen, not thine a race of mortal blood, not thine old Glengyle line. Thy sire was the Monarch of the Mine; thy mother, the lady of the flood."

And then rising to his feet, stern May repeated thrice St. Oran's rhyme, and thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer, then turned him to the east and bending over the harp, he struck the chords with nervous hand, and to the wind his hellish witch-nots flung.

The Lady of the Glen waxed tall, till through the roof her figure went, then mingling with the storm, in one wild yell, awa' she flew.

Wild mingling with the gale, unearthly bursts of laughter rung; then at the feet of the Seer, dropped from the clouds, there came the severed limbs of Glenartney's chieftain bold.

Decoyed within the wood, by the spirit fell, Lord Ronald died; what hope for mortal skill to contend with the fiends below!

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